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THE ROBBER CABMAN.

At irregular intervals, but annually at least, and sometimes even twice a year, a cab or carriage passenger, convinced that he has been overcharged, subjects himself to a torrent of profanity and abuse, submits to an arrest which it is no part of a policeman's duty to make, and is carted off to court to plead his defense.

There the Magistrate compliments him on his performance of a public service and inflicts a fine on the cabman. The passenger gets an abundance of sympathetic newspaper notice if, as occurred two years ago, he happens to be a man of note like Mark Twain, or if the circumstances are exceptional as in the case of the young Englishman who lost his steamer in order that he might bring an extortionate cabby to justice.

But there the incident is usually closed. The swindled fare having performed his act of public service goes his way with the feeling inspired by a righteous deed done and the cabby goes his. It is regrettably rare that the cabman's license is taken from him, and very soon he is back at his old tricks, and there is concurrent testimony that the predatory acts of the robber cabman are increasing.

One of the worst features of cab quarrels is the assumption of the cabman that his fare in resisting what he deems an overcharge is committing a criminal offense and is to be dragged to the police station. Instead, the remedy is a civil suit. A flagrant case was that of Mrs. Jessie Pierson, who, on refusing payment of her fare, was arrested at the driver's instigation and arraigned in the West Side Court. Magistrate Flammer, in discharging her, properly characterized the arrest as outrageous. It was obviously an invasion of personal rights, and it is small recompense for Mrs. Pierson's wounded feelings to have it judicially pronounced so.

From this humiliating experience of a lady there is likely to ensue an intelligent effort on the part of the proper authorities to put an end to the overcharge abuse. It is probable that the matter will be taken up by Deputy Mayor's Marshal Merriman and Assistant Corporation Counsel Cosby, and a series of prosecutions begun at the instance of complainants who have suffered extortion at a cabman's hands. It is their hope to get a ruling on the rights of citizens against cabmen in such cases, of which there are far too many, as the number of persons willing to undergo the ordeal of court proceedings to expose them and establish the fare's rights are too few.

There will be hearty and general encouragement for this movement. The predatory cabman is an anachronism in a modern city. His rates of fare are fixed by law for distances easily computed, and his rights are well defined. When he charges more for a mile than the 50 cents to which he is legally entitled or the carriage driver more than his just fare of a dollar, he is as much a thief as a pickpocket, and he should be proceeded against with as little consideration.

A Judge's Working Day.—It is a general notion that a Justice who opens court at 10.30 and leaves the bench at 3 has an easy working day. Presiding Justice Van Brunt of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, makes a statement tending to dispel this illusion. He says that his day begins at 5 in the morning and that neither he nor the other justices of the court have more than one Sunday a month that is free from work.

FIGHT FOR FREE TRANSFERS.

Is the action of the Interurban Street Railway in abandoning its appeal cases in the trolley transfer litigation to be looked upon as significant of a recognition of the passengers' rights in the matter? It seems to be so considered.

At the time the suits were appealed The Evening World pointed out the general tendency of the law to regard the granting by street railway corporations of so-called "privileges" such as transfers as really rights to which the public is entitled and not favors to be given or withheld at the pleasure of the company. It recommended the free granting by the Interurban of transfers at all intersecting points as both a generous anticipation of an inevitable court order and as a good business move of demonstrated value.

Within the past year the city has witnessed a most interesting and suggestive antagonism of street corporation encroachment by private citizens acting individually or in small bands. This fight for free transfers, now presumably won, was mainly the work of Paul Blume and Vasa E. Stollhand, who brought suit against the Interurban when refused transfers at crossings where by precedent they were logically demanded. Very recently we had Philip Miller and Samuel H. Adams (patriotic names) opposing a "car-ahead" order with dauntless hearts at Ninth avenue and Fifty-ninth street. Not a month ago seven rebel passengers, six men and a pretty girl, rode for three hours down Broadway and back rather than submit to another "car-ahead" order. It will be recalled that they won and were given a special car home.

This is the spirit of '76, tea episodes transferred from the docks of merchantmen to the platforms of trolley cars—municipal Bunker Hills and Lexingtons fought to a finish on car tracks. The quarrel is a pretty one as it stands and the rebels seem to be getting the best of it.

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE GIRL.

Testimonials are not wanting to the college girl's intellectual attainments, but it is rare that her scholarship receives so emphatic an endorsement as that given it at the Boston University. At the elections to the Phi Beta Kappa it was discovered that the prize of admission to this most scholarly of college societies had been won by fifteen girl students and by only one man. As the credentials for membership depend on the candidate's high standing in college studies, the feminine victory is a notable one.

American girl students have attained very high honors at the German universities, where the standard is most rigorous and sex discrimination is also an obstacle to be overcome. There was once a prevalent masculine belief that the girlish brain was not as capable of absorbing classical lore as that of her brother. The illusion is fast being dispelled.

Boys and Autos.—Mrs. James L. Kernochan refuses automobile admittance to the grounds of her Hempstead estate because of fear that they might run down and kill the valuable dogs. Are the children in Central Park as guarded?

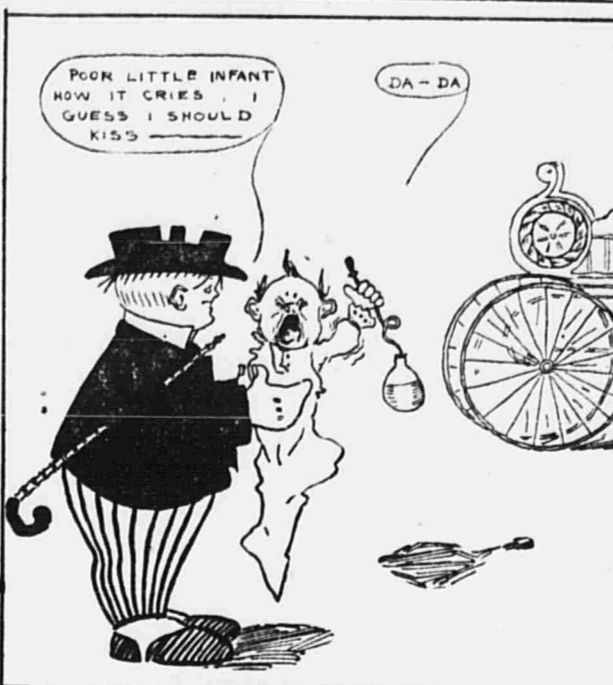
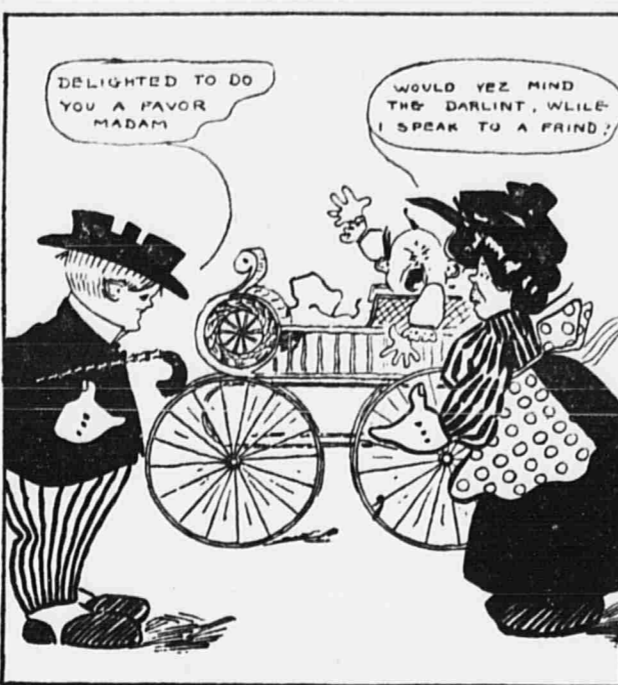
ARDENT ARCHIE PROVES FALSE TO HIS TRUST BUT TRUE TO HIS LOVE.

Watching for his own so true,
Archie watched the baby too.

Held the darling tenderly,
Guess it should be kissed said he.

But when his darling own he spied,
Forgot the baby—tho' it cried.

"Goo—Goo—um—um—the only sound
Except a heavy pound—pound—pound.



TOLD ABOUT NEW YORKERS.

GEORGE GOULD has lost the keen edge of his interest in yachting. For many seasons he cruised with his family in summer, going whither the wind listed or the ladies desired. This season he will have a cottage at Narragansett. He is very fickle in his devotion to sports, save that he is still a persistent polo player.

W. D. Moffatt is responsible for this frightful pun. He was at a dinner and his neighbor was a girl who, knowing of his literary pursuits, tried to talk literature to him. Her first question (and her last) was: "Which one of Hall Caine's books do you prefer?" "Oh," replied Moffatt, airily, "Hall Caine's look alike to me."

Mrs. William Price Moulhier, whose husband was a New York merchant, but is now a resident of San Paulo, Brazil, is the heroine of many stories told by New York ladies who were recently her guests. It is not customary in South America for women to go to restaurants unaccompanied by male escorts. Mrs. Moulhier and her New York friends recently went to Rio Janeiro on a shopping expedition, and at noon found themselves far from their hotel. Mrs. Moulhier suggested that they go to a famous restaurant near by for luncheon, but the New York ladies were shocked, stating that they had entered the place unattended on one occasion and had scarcely been seated when, on looking around, they noticed two men staring at them. The ladies quickly turned away, but a moment afterward two engraved cards and two dainty glasses of wine were delivered at their table. The ladies immediately fled to their carriage, and that was their last venture in dining alone.

Mrs. Moulhier listened to the recital in some indignation. "We are Americans," she declared. "And I propose to do just as we would at Delmonico's, in New York, and I am not afraid."

The New York ladies would not make the attempt, but Mrs. Moulhier, her determination fully aroused, ventured alone. She walked to the first vacant table and ordered her luncheon, at the same time ordering a neat basket of edibles to be taken to her friends outside. She never looked to the right nor the left, and enjoyed her repast without interruption or annoyance. "We saw our mistake," said one of the Gotham ladies later. "We were curious and looked around, and our actions were misunderstood, as probably they might have been even at home, now that we come to think it over. Mrs. Moulhier, on the other hand, made it emphatically understood, merely by her bearing, that she was following in quiet dignity the custom of her country, and no one dared attempt to break through her reserve."

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

Fraudulent Messenger Boys.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I read that several messenger boys played a scheme on people by delivering false messages and collecting charges on same. I beg to say that I am also one of the sufferers. Last week a messenger boy called with a message which read: "Please call to-morrow afternoon at Board of Health Headquarters, and collect from me 50 cents. I still hold the telegram. I would therefore like to see these boys punished, that it may serve as a good example to the others."

J. SOPOYNECK,
No. 128 Chrystie street,
Sunday.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
On what day of the week did June 15, 1878, fall?

J. S. District Court, P. O. Building.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Where can I get my first citizen papers?

BENJAMIN,
One Thousand Million is Correct.

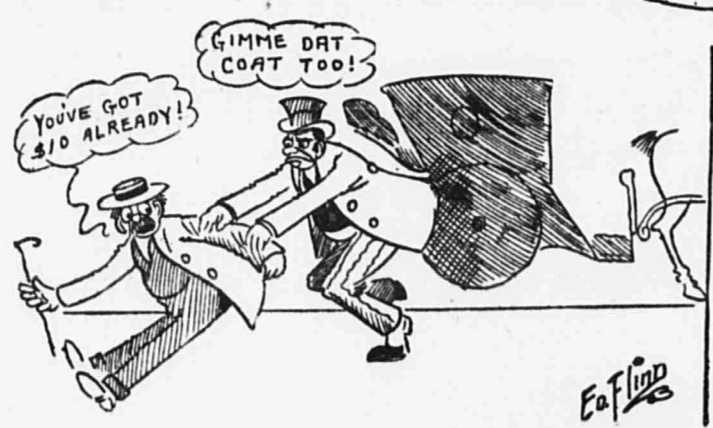
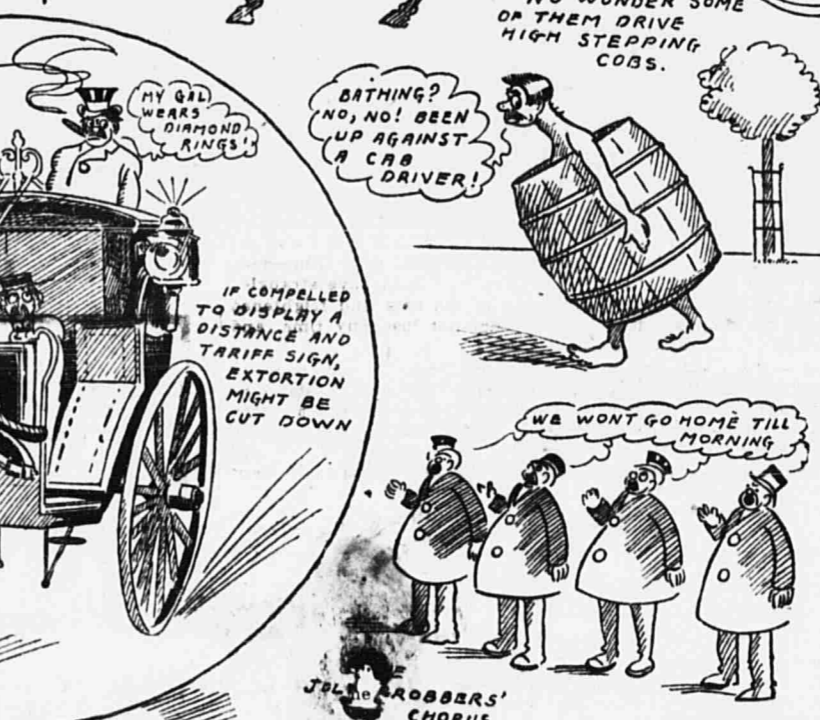
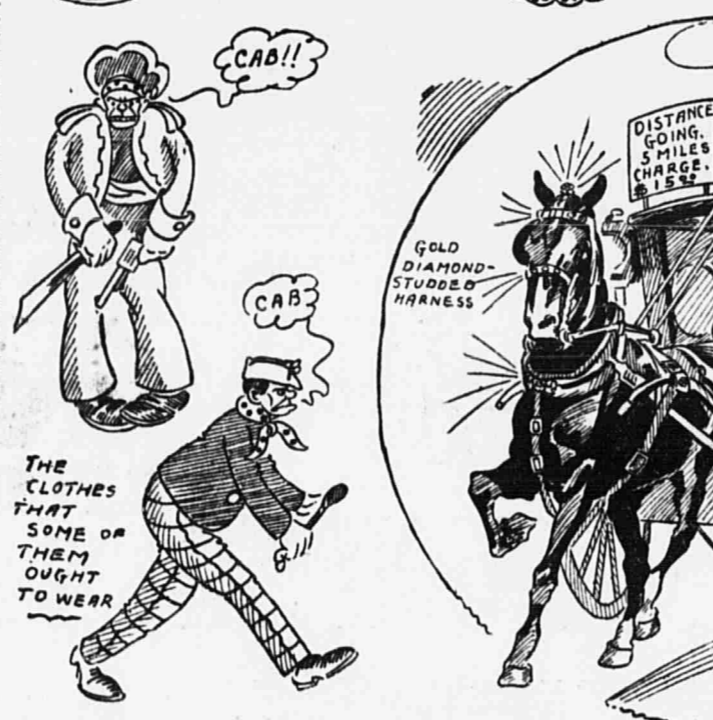
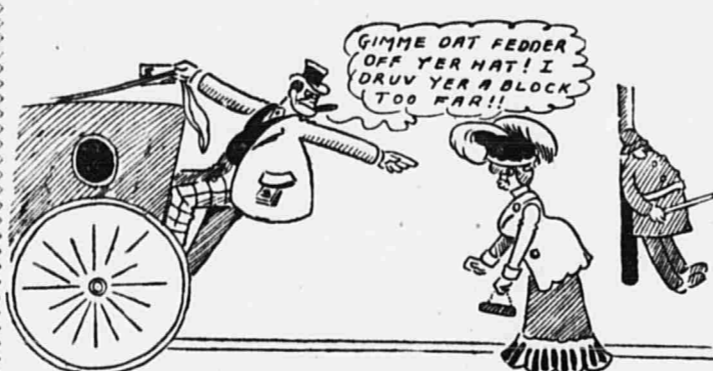
To the Editor of The Evening World:
A claims that one hundred thousand millions makes one billion. B claims one thousand million equals one billion.

Y. R.
On the Outer Side.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Which is the correct side for a gentleman to walk while escorting a lady in the streets?

Wednesday.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
On what day did Nov. 10, 1869, fall.

GOTHAM'S STAR LAND-PIRATE—THE CABMAN.



For feats in buccaneering, overcharging, domineering,
The Gotham cabby-pirate stands alone, in conscious pride.
And the charge at Balaklava has a cheap and marked-down flavor
Compared to that he makes for every fifteen-minute ride.

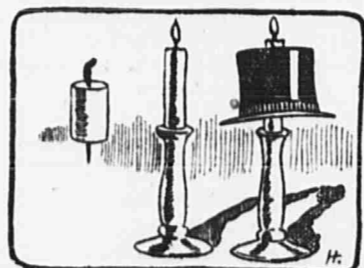
HOME FUN FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

THE TROUBLESOME CANDLE.

Cut a piece, say an inch long, off the end of an ordinary wax candle, and into the bottom of this drive the blunt end of a fine needle, so that only about half an inch of the pointed end protrudes.

A candle must be placed in an ordinary candlestick, and this must be placed beforehand upon the table. Previous to going before the audience, place the prepared candle and then enter the room. Borrow a tall hat, and, while walking toward the table, force the needle through the crown of the hat, keeping the piece of candle covered with the hand, so that no one can get a glimpse of it. When you are within a foot of the table, pretend to stumble, and, as if by accident, sharply knock the hat over; the candle which is in the candlestick upon the table. It will now appear to the spectators as if the candle has been forced through the crown of the hat.

Light the piece of candle and bring forward the hat and the candlestick together. Tell the owner of the hat that you are very sorry indeed for the mishap, but that accidents will happen, and ask him whether he will take the hat home as it is. Naturally he objects. Continue to argue with the owner of the hat as long as it seems to amuse the company, and then state that you will try to repair the damaged hat, at the



same time blowing out the light of the candle.

Return to the table, and, while your back is turned, deftly take the prepared piece of candle out of the hat and place it in your waistcoat pocket. You must now take care to keep the crown of the hat turned away from the audience, or it will be seen that the candle no longer protrudes through it.

All that now remains to be done is to order the hat to become perfect; lift it off the candle and return it to the owner, quite uninjured.

CONUNDRUMS.

What made the quail quail? For fear the woodpecker would peck her.
What made the tart tart? Because she didn't want to let the baker bake her.
What does a man take when he has a mean wife? He takes an elixir (he licks her).
Feet they have, but they walk not? Stoves.
Eyes they have, but they see not? Potatoes.
Teeth they have, but they chew not? Saws.
Noses they have, but they smell not? Teapots.
Mouths they have, but they taste not? Rivers.
Hands they have, but they handle not? Clocks.
Ears they have, but they hear not? Cornstalks.
Tongues they have, but they talk not? Wazons.
Why is a solar eclipse like a mother whipping her son? It is a-hiding of the son.
Why is Canada like courtship? Because it borders on the United States.
Why is a dead doctor like a dead duck? Because they both have done quacking.
Why is a dirty boy like flannel? Because he (he) drinks from washing.
Why is "I" the luckiest of a vowels? Because it is in the centre of bliss.

Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

LIMERICK INTELLIGENCE.
There was an old sailor of Crete,
Whose peg legs propelled him quite neta.
"Strong liquor," he said,
Never goes to my head,
And I know it can't go to my feet."
—Princeton Tiger.

AND THE COUNTERFEIT?
R. E. Morse—Marriages are made in heaven, they say.
D. Morse—Well, I've often thought this thing we call marriages wasn't the real article.—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

VERSES OF CHILDHOOD.
"Oh, what a thrilling tale is this:
How faintly I feel!"
Cried Tommy, as he monkeyed with
A long electric eel. —Yale Record.

PRIDE IN A. D. 1999.
"I," said the President of the revolutionless South American Republic, "got my education through a college of correspondence."
"And I," retorted the Secretary of the Airship Combine, "got mine by wireless telegraphy."—Cincinnati Commercial.

A FAT ONE, TOO.
"How are you getting up in the world?" said the admiring friend. "Of course you are anxious to attain the roll of fame!"
"The roll?" replied the statesman, dreamily, "that's what! I'm after a roll, all right."

AT THE TELEPHONE.

And What Reggie Suffered There for Love.
THERE are no sound-proof telephone booths in Reggie's office. Only one "open phone," in the middle of the room, surrounded by a dozen occupied desks. To this "phone Reggie was summoned by Fogarty, the office boy, yesterday. Fogarty said: "A lady—won't give her name—wants yer."

It was a dull hour, so Reggie had the joy of knowing, twenty pairs of ears were listening to the conversation. This is what they heard:

"Hello! Yes? Yes, it's Mr. Sapphede." (This in a cold, business-like tone, to deceive the office.)
"Yes, Oh, yes, I thought I knew your voice. Delighted. What can I do for you?"
"No, of course nothing's the matter. What should be the matter?"
"Cold? No, I haven't got a cold. Oh, you mean I talk that way. This is an open 'phone." (This in a sepulchral whisper, which every one caught. It got past no one.)
"Of course I'm glad."
"Know who it is? Certainly I do. What? What's the use of my saying the name? Certainly."
"Oh, don't be foolish. Why should I say the name here?"
"Say" (sotto voce), "there's a bunch of people right in hearing. I—"
"Can't hear me? Never mind. The name? Why, Miss Blankley, of course. Not in the habit of calling you that? Well, then, 'Hildegarde.'"
"Oh, blame it all, 'Tootsie,' then! Now are you satisfied?"
"No, I didn't mean to be. I'm sorry. I'm not really cross. Only there's a crowd here, and—"
"Why, certainly I do. Of course. Can you doubt it?"
"Of course I mean it. Haven't I told you so often enough?"
"Say it now? I can't. This is a public 'phone—an open one. There are persons!"
"I do—you know I do. Why, the thing you asked me, of course."
"Say it? Why, I've just been saying it, haven't I? Not in so many words, but you understand me all right."
"Oh, I can't say it over an open 'phone!"
"Well, then, I—say, there's twenty grinning, whiskey-sodden outcasts listening to every word I say. I'll call early this evening and tell you then."
"No" (sternly), "I can't say it over the 'phone. I told you that before. Why?"
"Well, then" (grumbling unintelligibly) "I grghgrbrh—"
"Couldn't understand me? Well, I said it. Isn't that enough? What, again? I can't!"
"Well, then—I love—you—Tootsie! Now are you satisfied?"
"That howling noise like a dispananac bafnyard? Oh, that was just the gentle comment of my kind associates. Queer you heard it all that distance. So did I."
"Yes, we're through, Central. Why the deuce didn't you cut us off half an hour ago?"
And the martyr, who, in Good Deacon Nero's days, braved the lions unflinchingly was not one-half so brave as Reggie in turning to face that office as he hung up the receiver.
A. P. T.

ON THE EVENING WORLD PEDESTAL.

